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THE LITTLE ORPHAN'S SONG
BALLAD
THE WORDS FROM

Jane Eyre

ARRANGED BY

JOSEPH W. TURNER.

BOSTON.

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ANDANTE.





2

Why did they send me so far and so lonely
 Up where the moors spread, and gray rocks are piled!
 Men are hard-hearted, and kind angels only
 Watch o'er the steps of the poor orphan child.

3

Yet distant and soft the night-breeze is blowing,
 Clouds there are none, and clear stars beam mild;
 God in his mercy protection is showing
 Comfort and hope to the poor orphan child.

4

Even should I fall o'er the broken bridge passing,
 Or stray in the marshes by false lights beguiled,
 Still will my Father, with promise and blessing,
 Take to his bosom the poor orphan child.

5

There is a thought that for strength should avail me,
 Though both of shelter and kindred despoiled;
 Heaven is a home and a rest will not fail me,
 God is a friend to the poor orphan child.